

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon,
Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S
QUESTIONS," "EDWARD
BLAKE," etc.

"Of course," Barbara mused, after saying the words, "all this was said to actual slaves, whose bodies were bought and sold in the market like cattle. But what wonderful words to be spoken to any class of servants either then or now! 'Whatsoever ye do, work heartily!' One thing that servants lack in their service is heartiness. It is done for wages, not for love of service. 'As unto the Lord and not unto men.' How few servants ever think of that! The Lord is the real Master. He is being served if what I do is a good thing that needs doing. 'There is no respect of persons.' How great a thing that is! In God's sight my soul is as much worth saving as any other. He thinks as much of me as He does of the rich and the famous. 'Masters, render unto your servants that which is just and equal.' If that were done, it might make conditions far different so far as the servant-girl question is concerned. But who will tell us what is meant by 'just and equal' to-day?" Barbara shook her head doubtfully, and went on. "Knowing that ye have also a Master in Heaven." That helps me. Paul must have known my need as well as the need of the poor bond-servants to whom he wrote. 'A Master in Heaven.' May He help me to serve Him in spirit and in truth."

So Barbara the next day did not present the appearance of the modern broken-hearted heroine in the end-of-the-century novel. Anyone who knew her could plainly see marks in her face and manner of a great experience. But there was no gloom about her, no un-Christian tragic bewailing of fate or circumstance. If she were to live her life as she supposed she should, without life's greatest help to live, so far as human love can go, she would at least live it bravely as so many other souls have done. And yet, Barbara, you know well enough that Ambition does not spell Love. And, in spite of all, you know your heart would tremble if the young minister of Marble Square church should pass you and give you one earnest look out of his great dark eyes, as he did on that well-remembered day when he said that you were beautiful. Ah, Barbara! Are you quite sure you have forever bidden farewell to the holiest dream of your womanhood?

She busied herself during the day with her work, and in the evening went over to Mrs. Vane's to see her again concerning the proposed building. Her heart longed for busy days to keep her mind absorbed.

Mrs. Vane suggested several good ideas.

"While you are waiting to complete the details of the building itself, why not interview a large number of factory and store girls about their work? Find out something about the reasons that appeal to young women for a choice of labor. You are not certain that you can get any girls to attend your training-school. I think you can, but very many other good people will tell you your plan is senseless. It is only when people begin to try to do good in the world that they discover what fools they are. Other people who never make an effort to better the world will tell them so. There will arise a host of tormenting critics as soon as the idea of your proposed training-school is suggested. They will tear it all to pieces. Don't pay any attention to them. The world does not owe anything to that kind of criticism. But it will help your plan if before the building is put up you can answer honest questions as to its practical working. There's another thing I would like to say; and I shall say it, my dear, seeing I am old enough to be your grandmother."

"What's that?" Barbara asked, coloring. She anticipated Mrs. Vane's next remark.

"I think it would be a distinct saving of power if in some way we could

some kind of a satisfactory answer, for he is not a young man to be satisfied with unsatisfactory answers."

"Oh, I cannot believe it!" Barbara exclaimed, and then she put her face in her hands, while she trembled. "It's true!" the old lady said, sturdily. "My old eyes are not so dim that I cannot see love talking out of other eyes. And that is what his were saying when he was here last week. My dear, there is nothing dreadful about it. I should enjoy having you for my pastor's—"

"But it is impossible—" Barbara lifted her head blushing.

"There is nothing impossible in love's kingdom," replied the old lady, gently. "If it comes to you, do not put it away. You are his equal in all that is needful for your happiness."

Then Barbara told her all about the event of the night before at the church. If she had been a Catholic, she would have gone to a priest. Being a Protestant, she confessed to this old lady, because her heart longed for companionship, and there was that quality in Mrs. Vane which encouraged confidences.

When she was through, Mrs. Vane said: "There is nothing very hopeless about all this. He has certainly never been anything but the noble-hearted Christian gentleman in his treatment of you." (Barbara did not tell of the remark Mr. Morton had made about beautiful faces. But, inasmuch as he had apologized for a seeming breach of gentlemanly conduct, she did not feel very guilty in withholding the incident from Mrs. Vane.) "And I really believe he feels worse than you do over any slight you received from the members of the church."

Barbara was silent. Now that her heart was unburdened she felt grateful to Mrs. Vane, but she naturally shrank from undue expression of her feelings. Mrs. Vane respected her reserve as she had encouraged her confidence.

"Don't be downhearted, my dear. Go right on with your plans. Count on me for the 10,000 and more if the plan develops as I think it will. And meanwhile, if in your trips among the working girls, you run across anyone who can take Hilda's place, send her around. I haven't been able to find anybody yet. I would get along without help, but Mr. Vane will not allow it, with all the company we have. No, don't shake hands like men. Kiss me, my dear."

So Barbara impulsively kissed her, and went away much comforted. She dreaded the thought that she might meet the young minister, and half hoped she might. But for the next three weeks Mr. Morton was called out of Crawford on a lecture tour which the Marble Square church granted him; and, when Barbara learned that he was gone, she almost felt relieved as she planned her work with Mrs. Ward's hearty cooperation to see as many working girls as possible for information, and to learn from them the story of their choice of life labor, and its relation to her own purpose so far as helping solve the servant question was concerned.

What Barbara learned during the next three weeks would make a volume in itself. She did not know that she had any particular talent for winning confidences, but a few days' experience taught her that she was happily possessed of a rare talent for making friends. She managed in one way and another to meet girls at work in a great variety of ways. In the big department store of Bondman & Co., in the long row of factories by the river, in the girls' refreshment rooms at the Young Women's Christian association, in the offices of business friends where the click of the typewriter was the constant note of service, in the restaurants and waiting-rooms about the big union station, in the different hotels and a few of the boarding-houses of Crawford, Barbara met representatives of the great army of young women at work in the city; and out of what seemed like meager and unsatisfactory opportunities for confidence and the sharing of real purpose in labor she succeeded in getting much true information, much of which shaped her coming plan and determined the nature of her appeal to the mistresses on one hand, and the servants on the other.

"With a few exceptions, then," she said to Mrs. Ward one evening after she had been at work on this personal investigation for three weeks, "all this army of girls at work represents a real need in the home somewhere. I found some girls working in the offices, and a very few in the stores and factories, who said they were working for other reasons than for necessary money. Here is a list of girls in Bondman's. I told them I did not want it for the purpose of printing it, and it is not necessary. But there are over 200 of these girls who cannot by any possibility save any money out of their expenses, and a few of them"—Barbara spoke with a sense of shame for her human kind and of indignation against un-Christian greed in business—"a few of them hinted at temptations to live wrong lives in order to earn enough to make them independent. And yet all of these girls vigorously refused to accept a position offered to leave the store and go to work at double the wages in a home as a servant. I offered over 50 of these girls four dollars a week and good board and room at Mrs. Vane's, and not one of them was willing to accept it, even when, as in many cases, they were not receiving over three and a half a week, out of which they had to pay for board and other necessities."

"And the reason they gave was?" Mrs. Ward, who was an interested listener, asked the question.

"They hated the drudgery and confinement of house labor. They loved the excitement and independence of their life in the store. Of course,



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they all gave as one main reason for not wanting to be house servants the loss of social position. Several of the girls in the factory had been hired girls. They all without exception spoke of their former work with evident dislike, and with one or two exceptions refused to entertain any proposition to go back to the old work. I think one of the girls in the Art mills will go to Mrs. Vane's. She worked for her some years ago, and liked her. But what can the needs of the home of to-day present to labor in the way of inducement to come into its field? I must confess I had very little to say to the girls in the way of inducement. Not on account of my own experience," Barbara hastened to say, with a grateful look at Mrs. and Mr. Ward, "for you have been very, very kind to me and made my service sweet; but in general, I must confess, after these three weeks' contact with labor outside the home, I see somewhat more clearly the reason why all branches of woman's labor have inducements that house labor does not offer."

"And how about the prospects for pupils for the training-school?" Mr. Ward asked, keenly. He had come to have a very earnest interest in the proposed building.

"Out of all the girls I have seen," Barbara answered, with some hesitation, "only four have promised definitely that they would take such a course and enter good homes as servants. One of these was an American girl in an office. The others were foreign-born girls in Bondman's."

"The outlook is not very encouraging, is it?" Mrs. Ward remarked, with a faint smile.

"It looks to me, Martha," Mr. Ward suggested, "as if it might be necessary to put up a training-school for training our Christian housekeepers as well as Christian servants. If what Barbara has secured in the way of confession from these girls is accurate, it looks as if they are unwilling to work as servants because of the unjust or unequal or un-Christian conditions in the houses that employ them."

"At the same time, Richard, remember the great army of incompetent, ungrateful girls we have borne with here in our home for years until Barbara came. What can the housekeeper do with such material? If the girls were all like Barbara, it would be different, you know."

"Well, I give it up," replied Mr. Ward, with a sigh, as he opened up his evening paper. "The whole thing is beyond me. And Barbara, of course, will be leaving us as soon as this new work begins. And then farewell to peace, and welcome chaos again."

"You are not going to leave us just yet, are you, Barbara?" Mrs. Ward asked, with an affectionate glance at Barbara.

"The house is not built yet," Barbara answered, returning Mrs. Ward's look.

"Of course, Barbara will leave us when she has a home of her own," Mr. Ward said in short sentences, as he read down a part of the page. "Then our revenge for her leaving us will be the thought that her troubles have just begun when she begins to have hired girls herself."

"I don't think there's any sign of it yet," Mrs. Ward said, looking keenly at Barbara, who colored a little. "I have not noticed any beaus in the kitchen."

"More likely to come in through the parlor," Mr. Ward suggested. And again Barbara looked up with a blush, and Mrs. Ward could not help admiring the girl's pure, intelligent face.

There was silence for a moment, when Barbara went over her list of figures and memoranda.

"I see Morton is back from the west," Mr. Ward suddenly exclaimed, looking up from his paper. "The News says he had a remarkable tour, and prints a large part of his recent address on the temperance issue. I predict for him a great career. Marble Square never did a wiser thing than when it called him to its pulpit. My only fear is that he may kill himself with these lecture tours."

There was silence again, and Barbara bent her head a little lower over her work, which lay on the table.

"He is certainly a very promising young man," Mrs. Ward said, and just then the bell rang.

"Shouldn't wonder if that was Morton himself," Mr. Ward exclaimed, as he arose. "I asked him to come in and see us as soon as he came back. I'll go to the door."

He went out into the hall and opened the door, and Mrs. Ward and Barbara could hear him greet Mr. Morton, speaking his name heartily. "Come right into the sitting-room, Morton. We're there to-night. Mrs. Ward will be delighted to see you." Barbara rose and slipped out into the kitchen as Mr. Ward and Mr.

Morton reached the end of the hall. She busied herself with something there for half an hour. At the end of that time she heard Mr. Ward's hearty, strong voice saying good night to Morton as he went out into the hall with him.

After a few minutes Barbara came back into the sitting-room, and taking her list of names and facts from the table prepared to go up to her room.

Mr. Ward was saying as she came in: "Morton seemed very dull for him, don't you think?"

"He is probably very tired with his lecture tour. It is a very exhausting sort of—"

The front door opened quickly; a strong, firm step came through the hall; and Mr. Morton opened the sitting-room door and stepped in.

"Excuse me, Ward, I left my gloves on the table," he began, as he walked in. Then he saw Barbara, who had turned as he entered.

"I'm glad to see you, Miss Clark," he said, as he picked up his gloves; and then added, as he remained somewhat awkwardly standing in the middle of the room: "How is your training-school building getting on? I suppose it is hardly finished yet?"

Barbara made some sort of answer, and Mrs. Ward added a word about what Barbara had been doing while Mr. Morton had been gone.

Morton expressed his interest in some particular item of information given by Mrs. Ward, and told a little incident that had come under his own observation during his lecture tour.

Mr. Ward asked a question suggested by something the young minister had said, and that seemed to remind him of a story he had heard on the train. Before anyone realized exactly how it happened, Morton was seated, talking in the most interesting manner about his trip. He had a keen sense of humor, and some of the scenes he had witnessed while on his tour were very funny as he told them. Barbara found herself laughing with Mr. Morton's powers of dramatic description and the apparently un-failing fund of anecdote that he possessed. She wondered at his remarkable memory, and her wonder was evidently shared by Mr. and Mrs. Ward, who had long thought Morton a marvel in that respect.

In the midst of a most interesting account of the way he had been introduced to a western audience by a



"I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, MISS CLARK."

local character, a neighboring clock in one of the city buildings struck ten.

Morton stopped talking and rose. "I had no idea it was so late. Pardon me," he said good-night somewhat abruptly, and started for the door.

"You're sure you haven't left anything this time?" asked Mr. Ward.

"I have, though," Mr. Morton answered with some confusion, as he came back to the table and took up his hat, which he had dropped there when he took up his gloves. As he did so, he glanced at Barbara, who lowered her eyes and turned towards the kitchen as if to go out.

"I get more absent-minded every day," he said, somewhat feebly.

"You need a wife to look after you," said Mrs. Ward with decision. She had picked up her work, while she had dropped in her lap while Morton was telling stories, and was intent on finishing it.

Barbara opened the kitchen door, and went out just as Mr. Ward said with a laugh: "Probably every woman in Marble Square church has some particular wife in view for you, and you will disappoint all of them when you finally make a choice without consulting them."

"I probably shall," replied Morton, quietly, and saying good night again, he went away.

Mr. Ward was silent a few minutes, and then said, as if he had been thoughtfully considering a new idea: "Morton didn't seem at all dull or tired after coming back for his gloves. Have you thought that there might be a reason for it?"

"No. What reason?" Mrs. Ward looked up suddenly from her work, startled by Mr. Ward's manner.

"I think he enjoys Barbara's company."

"Richard Ward! You don't mean to say that Ralph Morton would marry Barbara?"

"I not only think he would; I think he will," replied Mr. Ward, quietly.

Mrs. Ward was too much surprised at the unexpected suggestion to offer a word of comment at first. The thought of such a thing was so new to her that she had been totally unprepared for it.

"How would you like to have Barbara for your minister's wife? Mr.



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Ward asked, in the bantering tone he sometimes used.

Mrs. Ward was on the point of replying a little sharply. But suffering had done its mellowing work in her life. Before Carl's death she would have resented as an unparalleled impossibility such a thought as that of the pastor of the Marble Square church choosing for his wife even a girl like Barbara, his intellectual and Christian equal. But many things since Barbara's coming into the home had conspired to change Mrs. Ward's old habits. And, as Mr. Ward asked his question now, she saw a picture of Barbara and Carl as they had been one evening a few days before the child's death. His little arms were about Barbara's neck, and his pale, thin cheek was lying close against hers.

"If it should come to that," she finally answered Mr. Ward's question slowly, "I am sure there is one woman in the Marble Square church who will not make any trouble."

Mr. Ward looked surprised. But, as he went out into the front hall to lock the door for the night, he muttered: "A man can never tell what a woman will say or do when she is struck by lightning."

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All correspondence strictly confidential.

[First Published Oct. 23.]

Road Notice.

State of Kansas, Allen County, ss.
Whereas, Application has been made by petition to the Board of County Commissioners of said county, for locating a county road as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point one-half mile south of the Northeast corner of Section No. 36, Township 36N, Range 18E, and extending easterly to the Northeast corner of the school-site of Dist. No. 18. To run directly west one mile to the center of the west line of Section No. 36.

And Whereas, Mahlon Remsburg, J. W. Carroll and J. C. Wood, viewers, and Lute P. Stover, county surveyor of said county, have been ordered by said County Commissioners to view, survey and locate said road.

Therefore, you are hereby notified that said viewers and surveyor will proceed, on the 3rd day of November 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the place of beginning of said road, to view, survey and locate said road, and perform whatever other duties as are required of them by law; and unless you then file a written application with said viewers, giving a description of the premises on which you claim damages or compensation, your application for the same will be held in abeyance. Witness my hand at my office in Iola, in said county, this 1st day of Oct. A. D. 1901.

C. A. FROCK, County Clerk.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Topeka, Kansas, Oct. 30, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, to-wit: That said proof will be made before the Clerk of District Court at Iola, Kansas, on Nov. 26, 1901, viz: John M. Wimburn, on Homestead Entry No. 585, for the lots 1 and 2, sec. 27, Twp. 36N, R. 18E, 3rd 6th P. M.

He claims the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Geo. A. H. and J. W. Wimburn, Kansas; Harry Lee, Iola, Kansas; Link Sawyer, Iola, Kansas; William J. Price, of Elmore, Kansas. Geo. W. Fisher, Register.

[First Published November 1, 1901.]

Notice of Appointment—Administrator

STATE OF KANSAS, ss.

ALLEN COUNTY, ss.
In the matter of the estate of Helen B. Wagers late of Allen County, Kansas. Notice is hereby given, that on the 30th day of October A. D. 1901 the undersigned was by the Probate Court of Allen County, Kansas, duly appointed and qualified as Administrator of the Estate of Helen B. Wagers, late of Allen County, deceased. All parties interested in said estate will take notice and give notice themselves accordingly.

H. M. MILLER, Administrator.

Publication Notice.

First published November 1, 1901.

STATE OF KANSAS, ss.

ALLEN COUNTY, ss.
In the District Court for said county.

J. W. Delaplaine, Plaintiff

vs.

Thomas Wilson and the No. 5529.

Unknown Heirs of Thos. Wilson, Defendants.

Said defendants will take notice that they have been sued in the above named court by a decree of said court, affirming the title of the plaintiff to the south half of the southwest quarter of section twelve, township twenty-four, range eighteen in Allen county, Kansas, and must answer the petition filed therein by said plaintiff on or before the 14th day of December, 1901, or said petition will be taken as true, and judgment for plaintiff in said action and a decree in conformity therewith will be entered in the name of the plaintiff to the land described.

ATTEST: S. C. BUEHNER, Clerk of said Court.

T. S. Stover, Attorney for Plaintiff

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"BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE—"

make the training-school a part of Mr. Morton's social-settlement work. "I don't think it is possible," replied Barbara in a low voice. Her manner expressed so much distress that the old lady said at once: "My dear, I will not say any more about it. But will you permit me to tell you plainly that I am firmly convinced that Mr. Morton is in love with you, and will ask you to marry him, and you will have to give him